Qu. O thou well skild in curses, stay a while,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.
Qu. Mar. Forbeare to sleepe the nights and fast the daies,
Compare dead happinesse with liuing woe,
Thinke that thy babes were fairer then they were,
And he that slew them fouler then he is,
Betring thy losse makes the bad causer worse,
Reuoluing this, will teach thee how to curse.
Q. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine.
Q. M. Thy woes wil make them sharp, & pierce like mine.
Du. Why should calamitie be full of words? *Exit Mar.*
Qu. Windie attornies to your Client woes,
Aerie succeeders of intestate ioies,
Poore breathing Orators of miseries,
Let them haue scope, though what they do impart,
Helpe not at all, yet do they ease the heart.
Duc. If so, then be not toong-tide, go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words, lets smother
My damned sonne, which thy two sweet sonnes smotherd.
I heare his drum, be copious in exclaimes.

Enter King Richard marching with drummes and Trumpets.

King. Who intercepts my expedition?
Duch. A she, that might haue intercepted thee
By strangling thee in her accursed wombe,
From all the slaughters wretch, that thou hast done.
Qu. Hidst thou that forehead with a golden crowne
Where should be grauen, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the Prince that owed that Crowne,
And the dire death of my two sonnes, and brothers:
Tell me thou villaine slaue, where are my children?
Duch. Thou tode, thou tode, where is thy brother Clarence?
And little Ned Plantagenet, his sonne?
Qu. Where is kind *Hastings, Riuers, Vaughan, Gray?*
King. A flourish trumpets strike alarum drummes,
Let not the heauens heare these tel-tale women
Raile on the Lords annointed. Strike I say. *The trumpets sound.*
Either be patient, and intreat me faire,

Or

Or with the clamorous report of war:
Thus will I drowne your exclamations.
Du. Art thou my sonne?
King. I, I thank God, my father and your selfe,
Du. Then patiently heare my impatience.
Kin. Madam I haue a touch of your condition,
Which cannot brooke the accent of reproofe.
Du. I will be mild and gentle in my speech.
Kin. And briefe good mother for I am in hast.
Du. Art thou so hastie I haue staid for thee,
God knowes in anguish, paine and agonie.
King. And came I not at last to comfort you?
Du. No by the holy roode thou knowst it well,
Thou camst on earth, to make the earth my hell:
A greeuous burthen was thy byrth to me,
Tetchie and waiward was thy infancie,
Thy schoole-daies frightful, desperate, wilde, and furious:
Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold and venturous:
Thy age confirmed, proud, subtil, bloudie, trecherous,
What comfortable houre canst thou name
That euer grac't me in thy companie?
Ki. Faith none but Humphrey houre, that cald your gra
To breakefast once forth of my companie,
If it be so disgratious in your sight,
Let me march on, and not offend your grace.
Du. O heare me speake, for I shall neuer see the more
King. Come, come, you are too bitter.
Du. Either thou wilt die by Gods iust ordinance,
Ere from this war thou turne a conqueror,
Or I with griefe and extreame age shall perish,
And neuer looke vpon thy face againe:
Therefore take with thee my most heauie curse,
Which in the day of battaile tire thee more
Then all the compleat armor that thou wearst,
My praiers on the aduerse partie fight,
And there the little soules of Edwards children,
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
And promise them successe and victorie,